

PITTSBURGH, PA.
POST-GAZETTE
MAR 9 1968
H-249,080

C.I.A. 1.03 Kirkpatrick
Lyman B.
SOC. 4.01.2 The Real
C.I.A.

Non-Author Gives 'Inside Look' at CIA

CERTAINLY one of the things that most Americans would like to sweep under the rug is the business of spying.

It may be exciting, adventurous, tinged with thrills, and good fiction, but in our way of life we tend to wish only other people had to resort to such things.

So we camouflage the business the best we can. (After all, we don't have a war department, it's defense.) We call spying gathering intelligence.

We also have an agency which collects, sorts, and even acts on what has been collected through any source. This we call the Central Intelligence Agency.

We must assume that the word intelligence also denotes a degree of common sense and the ability to understand the value of a "good face" to the public in our democracy.

Despite this, the CIA has garnered unto itself possibly the worst public image of any

THE REAL CIA
By Lyman B. Kirkpatrick Jr.
Macmillan \$6.95

governmental agency. The how and why of this is not my subject, but the fact remains.

★ ★ ★

SO THE STORY of "The Real CIA" offers a great chance for explanations, excuses, reasons for the image. The book proclaims that it gives "an insider's view of the strengths and weaknesses of our government's most important agency." The author is the former executive director, a man who has served in the CIA and previous similar organizations for more than 22 years.

Don't hold your breath waiting to learn anything.

You will learn a bit about the fact that any organization composed of individuals has a personnel problem from time to time. You find that some

people like others and dislike still others.

You read such disclosures as:

"As Smith left the room, feeling perhaps a little better for having aired his views, he nearly knocked down the Army nurse who was coming in."

"Who was that little man?" she said to me.

"Smith was in civilian clothes and was then slight in stature, never having fully recovered his health."

"That little man," I said, "is General Walter Bedell Smith."

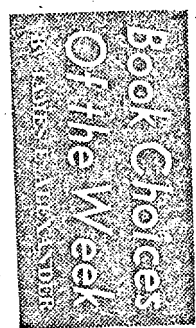
"She blanched."

★ ★ ★

HERE IS another passage:

"One evening in Accra we were leaving the hotel for dinner and could find no bell-boys or other hotel employees to help us get the wheel chair (Kirkpatrick had suffered a polio attack) down the ten steps in front of the hotel."

"Four Russian technicians were sitting in the lobby talk-



ing and very considerably came forward to give us a hand down the steps. They would probably have dropped the chair if it became known whom they had assisted, but I restrained myself from telling them."

★ ★ ★

WE HAVE A LOT more incidents fully as exciting and revealing as these—but not much more.

The book discusses the various directors of the CIA, the U-2 affair, the Bay of Pigs, Cuban relations, Korea, Vietnam, and interminable accounts of organizing, re-organizing, and changing again the structural set-up of the CIA.

The more one reads the more one comes to acknowl-

edge that the job of "executive director" must be like the job of head office manager, and that seldom should a non-author attempt to write a book.

Toward the end of the 300 pages Kirkpatrick writes:

"The CIA's 'horrendous reputation' in the world, as 'The New York Times' quotes it, is at least partly of our own making. The American press reports everything it can learn about the Agency both here and abroad, and this includes fact and fancy, gossip and slander, malice and truth."

"The foreign press picks this up and replays it. The Communists exploit it. And then some enterprising author assembles all the clippings and writes a book that then becomes widely distributed through the world and accepted as the gospel."

Never fear, Author Kirkpatrick, for your book. It will never detract—not add—to the CIA's image.